

# Where Were You?

Tom MacDonald

Guess who doesn't give a fuck?  
They call me Mac, bitch

I heard they talking shit, I heard it straight from their girls mouth  
At a party we were at in her house last night  
Where were you dog? Where were you? (I dunno)  
Where were you dog? Where were you? (not here)  
Where were you? Where were you?  
Where were you? Where were you?  
I heard they talking shit, I heard it straight from their girls mouth  
At a party I was chilling at in her house last night  
Where were you dog? Where were you?  
Where were you dog? Where were you?  
We don't give a motherfuck  
We don't give a motherfuck at all  
Fuck man, fuck man, fuck man don't call back, they don't mean nothing  
Kick the bitches the out condo, we gon' pack it up and go  
I heard them pussy boys are talking, we gon' bring it to their door  
I'm just creeping around with some pretty bitches through the city  
They tell me I'm the illest, I say I already know, hoe

Crosshair on they girls face, no crosses 'round my neck  
If ecstasy with assist then I'll name my whole team triple X  
I don't fuck around with no rappers man, no fuck boys in my circle  
My kush purple, my drink purple, her pussy purple, well, pink-purple  
I don't talk shit, that is not my thing  
Not a cloud in the sky but my team still reign  
I'm just living on the edge but I have never paid my rent  
And y'all still don't quite get the picture like little fingerprints on your  
lens, uh

Run it back to your whole crew  
You gon' need the help man  
I'm running back to your girls house  
I think I left my belt there, just kidding, but seriously I'm not kidding  
I heard you talking shit and she's the one who said it what's up?

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We just partying with a different crowd  
No fitted caps or darkies on  
No sweaty bitches, no popping molly  
We popping bottles 'til the early morning  
They on one but we on two  
They good now but we even better  
Whole team screaming "Hail, Satan!". I just call that good weather  
Tell 'em that I don't care, I got a ring inside my nose  
Keep hanging like my long hair, like your girl put that in rows  
No baggy pants on my team, slim fits and plaid shirts  
No paper bags on my team, besides your team's princess

We don't fuck with movies if her face nice but her booty worn  
We don't see you fakers like a motherfucking unicorn  
We don't hear the gossip 'til your girl here and she talking 'bout it  
None of our fucks have parents though, and we don't give a motherfuck, like

Bitches I'm the illest  
Said, bitches I'm the illest  
Bitches I'm the illest  
Said, bitches I'm the illest  
I'm just creeping around with some pretty bitches in the city  
They tell me I'm the illest, I say I already know, hoe